

# A TREASURE OF POEMS

BOOK II



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## PREFACE

Children possess a fertile imagination. They are more receptive when they are young. Good poetry instils a sense of aesthetic beauty into the young minds. It provides both pleasure and profit. Poetry trains the emotions of the young pupils. Light verse carries greater appeal as it is easily intelligible and creates greater interest and pleasure. Therefore students should develop a taste for poetry from the early stages of learning.

This series of Poems has been carefully designed so as to provide both pleasure and create interest in Poetry. Vocabulary in these poems conforms to the standard for which they are meant.

In order to instil moral and patriotic sense amongst the students, we have incorporated into this anthology, a few poems with Indian background.

The books are profusely illustrated to make them interesting and help the students in learning.

We are sure the teachers will welcome this series. Suggestions for improvement will be gratefully received.

*Editors*

## Preface to the Revised Edition

The book in its present form has been thoroughly re-written in view of suggestions received from a large number of teachers. Easier and smaller poems have been put in Book II and comparatively difficult and longer poems have been given in Book III of the series.

We hope that the series in its present form shall prove more useful. Suggestions for further improvement are welcome.

—Authors & Publisher

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## 1 LITTLE BIRDIE

What does little birdie say,  
In her nest at peep of day ?  
Let me fly, says little birdie,  
Mother, let me fly away.

Birdie, rest a little longer,  
Till the little wings are stronger.  
So she rests a little longer,  
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,  
In her bed at peep of day ?  
Baby says, like little birdie,  
Let me rise and fly away.

Baby, sleep a little longer,  
Till your little limbs are stronger.  
If she sleeps a little longer,  
Baby too shall fly away.



## 2 HOME SWEET HOME

Come with me and let me show  
The nicest place on earth I know.  
Here we eat and sleep and pray,  
All together, night and day.  
Meet my father and my mother,  
My big sister and little brother.  
All as lovely as a poem !  
Come and see my happy home.



### 3 A FLINT

An emerald is as green as grass,  
A ruby red as blood;  
A sapphire shines as blue as heaven;  
A flint lies in the mud.  
A diamond is a brilliant stone,  
To catch the world's desire;  
An opal holds a fiery spark;  
But a flint holds fire

Christina Rossetti



## 4 KIND DEEDS

Little drops of water,  
Little grains of sand,  
Make the mighty ocean,  
And the pleasant land.  
Thus the little minutes,  
Humble though they be,  
Make the mighty ages  
Of eternity.

Little deeds of kindness,  
Little words of love,  
Make this earth an Eden  
Like the heaven above.

Isaac Watts







## 5 MINUTES

We are but minutes-little things;  
Each of us with sixty wings,  
With which we fly on our unseen  
track

And not a minute ever comes back.  
We are but minutes-use us well,  
For our use you must one day tell.  
Who uses minutes has hours to use;  
Who loses minutes, years must lose.

Anonymous

## 6 DAYS OF THE WEEK



Monday's child is fair of face,  
Tuesday's child is full of grace,  
Wednesday's child is full of woe,  
Thursday's child has far to go,  
Friday's child is loving and giving,  
Saturday's child works hard for a  
living.

But the child that is born on a  
Sunday  
Is bonny and blithe and good and  
gay.

## 7 KEEP GOOD COMPANY

All children love to run and play,  
To swing and sing and skip all day,  
They never tire of games and toys:  
Dolls for the girls, balls for the boys.

But no one cares to join in games  
With boys who bully or call others  
names,  
Or with girls who cry and cheat,  
But only with the kind and sweet.





## 8 WEATHER RHYME

When the wind is in the East,  
Tis neither good for man nor beast;  
When the wind is in the North,  
The skilful fisher goes not forth;  
When the wind is in the South,  
It blows the bait in the fishes mouth;  
When the wind is in the West.  
Then 'tis at the very best.





## 9 BIG AND SMALL THINGS

I cannot do the big things  
That I should like to do,  
To make the earth for ever fair,  
The sky for ever blue.

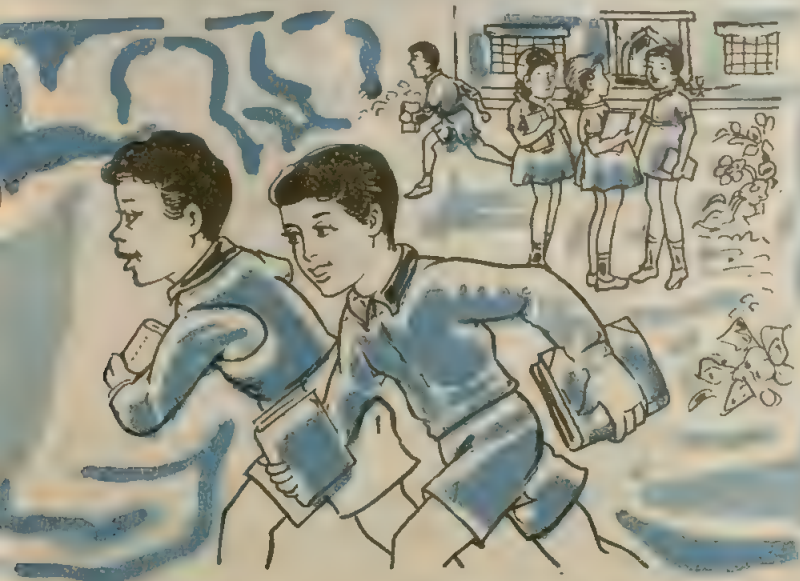
But I can do the small things  
That help to make it sweet;  
Though clouds arise and fill the skies,  
And tempests beat.

A.H. Miles

## 10 AT SCHOOL

At school good boys and girls are kind  
To one another, and you'll find  
They always try to help a friend,  
And gladly pen or pencil lend.  
Sometimes perhaps they start to  
fight,

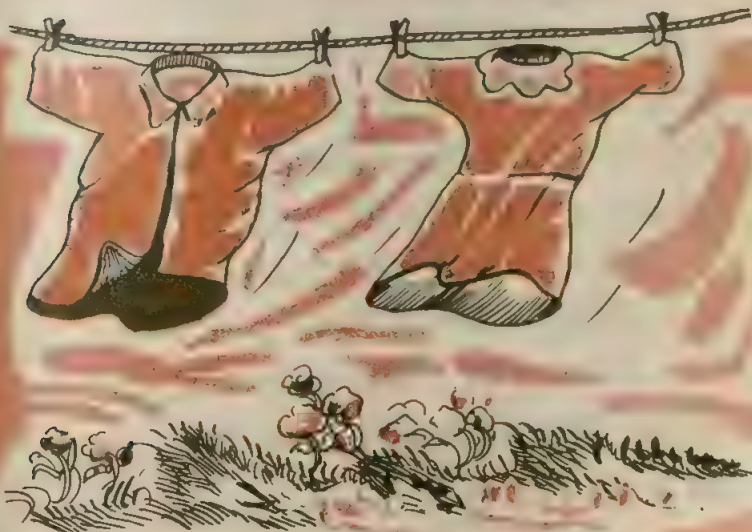
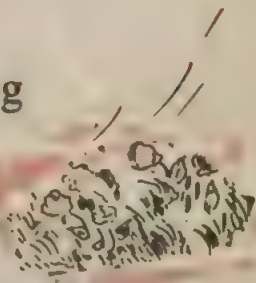
Each thinking he or she is right.  
But others tell them: "Fight no more!  
Now be good friends just as before."





## 15 THE DANCING CLOTHES

The wind is free,  
The weather's fine;  
The clothes are dancing  
On the line,  
So up and down  
Up and down.  
And round and round

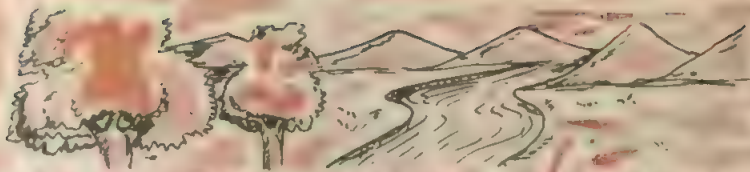




## 12 SPARROWS

Pretty little three  
Sparrows in a tree,  
    Light upon the wing;  
    Though you cannot sing  
    You can chirp of Spring:  
Chirp of Spring to me,  
Sparrows from your tree.  
Never mind the showers,  
Chirp about the flowers  
    While you build a nest;  
    Straws from east and west,  
    Feathers from your breast,  
Make the snuggest bowers  
In a world of flowers.

Christina Rossetti



## 13 O. THE RIVER FLOWS !

Dark brown is the river,  
    Golden is the sand.  
It flows along for ever,  
    With trees on either hand.  
Green leaves a-floating,  
    Castles of the foam,  
Boats of mine a-boating –  
    Where will all come home ?  
On goes the river  
    And out past the mill,  
Away down the valley,  
    Away down the hill.  
Away down the river,  
    A hundred miles or more,  
Other little children  
    Shall bring my boats ashore.

Robert Louis Stevenson

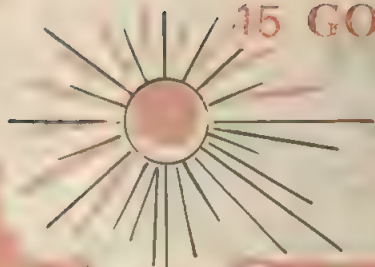


## 14. A PLEASANT DAY

See the kitten, full of fun,  
Sporting in the brilliant sun;  
Children, too, may sport and play;  
For it is a pleasant day !

Bring the hoop, and bring the ball,  
Come with happy faces all;  
Let us make a merry ring,  
Talk and laugh and dance and sing;  
Quickly, quickly, come away,  
For it is a pleasant day !





In every smiling bloom,  
And the shining Moon;  
O, in every tree  
There is none but He.  
In every song of a bird;  
His voice is heard.  
Gift of life he gave to me;  
There is none but He.  
In the stars, the Moon, the Sun;  
And the beasts that run  
And the dancing trees on the lea;  
There is none but He.

N.C. Narayan



## 16 MARY'S LAMB

Mary had a little lamb,  
Its fleece was white as snow,  
And everywhere that Mary went  
The lamb was sure to go;  
He followed her to school one day-  
That was against the rule.  
It made the children laugh and play  
To see a lamb at school.  
And so the teacher turned him out,  
But still he lingered near,  
And waited patiently about  
Till Mary did appear;

And then he ran to her, and laid  
His head upon her arm,  
As if he said, "I am not afraid —  
You'll keep me from all harm."  
"What makes the lamb love Mary  
so ?"

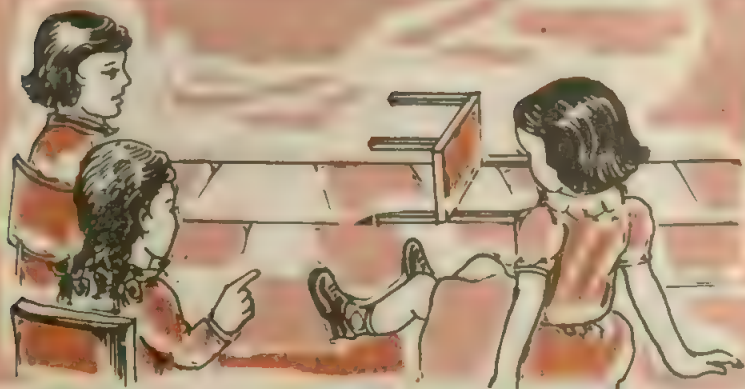
The eager children cry.  
"Oh, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"  
The teacher did reply;  
"And you each gentle animal  
In confidence may bind,  
And make them follow at your call,  
If you are always kind"

Sarah Josepha Hale





## 17 BETTY AT THE PARTY



‘When I was at the party,’

Said Betty, aged just four

‘A little girl fell off her chair

Right down upon the floor;

And all the other little girls

Began to laugh, but me

I didn’t laugh a single bit,’

• Said Betty seriously.

‘Why not?’ her mother asked her,

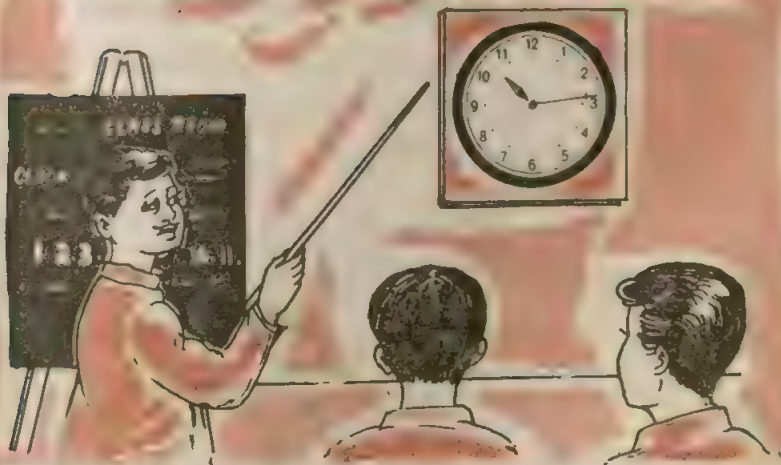
Full of delight to find

That Betty—bless her little heart

Had been so sweetly kind.

'Why didn't you laugh, my darling ?  
Or don't you like to tell ?'  
'I didn't laugh,' said Betty,  
'Cause it was me that fell.'

18 WENT THE CLOCK SAYS  
ARCHIVES



"Tick," the clock says, "Tick, tick,  
tick,"

What you have to do, do quick;  
Time is passing fast away;  
Let us act, and act today.

“If your lesson you would get,  
Do it now, and do not fret;  
That alone is really fun,  
Which comes when work is done.  
When your mother says, “Obey”  
Do not loiter, do not stay;  
Wait not for another tick;  
What you have to do, do quick.

## 19 THE BALLOON MAN



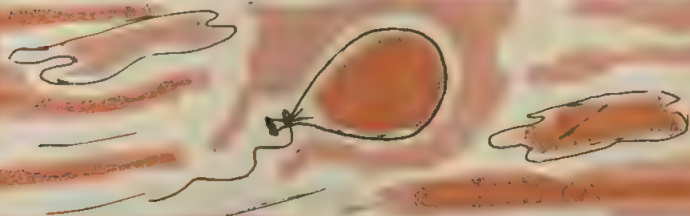
He always comes on market days,  
And holds balloons a lovely bunch.

And in the market square he stays,  
And never seems to think of lunch.  
They're red and purple, blue and  
green,

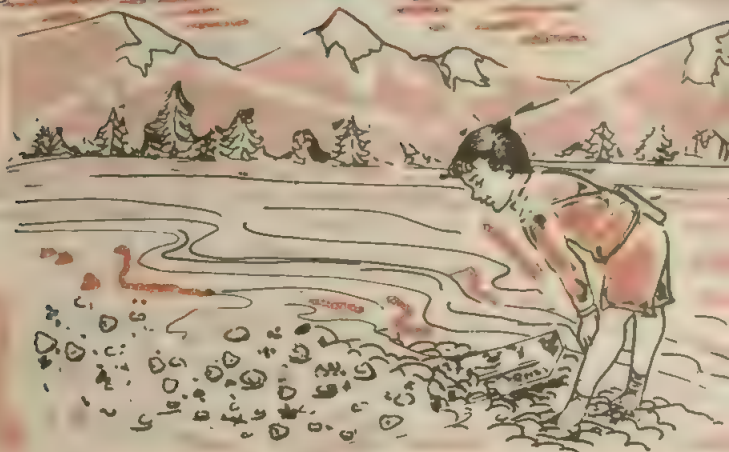
And when it is a sunny day  
Tho' carts and people get between  
You see them shining far away.  
And some are big and some are small,  
All tied together with a string,  
And if there is a wind at all

They tug and tug like anything.  
Some day perhaps he'll let them go  
And we shall see them sailing high,  
And stand and watch them from  
below-

They would look pretty in the sky!







## 20 A STORY IN THE SNOW

This morning as I walked to school

Across the fluffy snow,

I came upon a bunny's tracks—

A jumping, zigzag row.

He must have hurried very fast

For here and there I saw

Along his jerky winding trail

The print of Rover's paw.

I set my lunch pail in the snow,

And stood very still,

For only Rover's clumsy tracks  
Led down the hill.

Then suddenly I thought I heard  
A rustling sound close by,  
And there within a grassy clump  
Shone Bunny's twinkling eye.

Pearl Riggs Crouch

21 LONG TIME AGO

Once there was a little kitty,  
White as the snow;

— In a barn she used to frolic  
Long time ago.



In the barn a little mousie  
Ran to and fro,  
For she heard the little kitty  
Long time ago.


Four soft paws had little kitty,  
Paws soft as snow;  
And they caught the little mousie  
Long time ago.

Nine pearly teeth had little kitty,  
All in a row;  
And they bit the little mousie  
Long time ago.


When the teeth bit little mousie,  
Mousie cried out, "Oh !"  
But she slipped away from kitty  
Long time ago



## 22 THE CHICKENS

An illustration at the top of the page shows several chickens in a field. There are about seven chickens of various breeds, some standing and some pecking at the ground. The background is a simple landscape with a fence and some trees.

Said the first little chicken,  
With a queer little squirm,  
“I wish I could find  
A fat little worm.”

An illustration to the right of the text shows a single chicken, possibly a hen, pecking at the ground. It is facing left and has its head down.

Said the next little chicken,  
With an odd little shrug,  
“I wish I could find  
A fat little slug.”

Said the third little chicken,  
With a sharp little squeal,  
“I wish I could find  
Some nice yellow meal.”  
Said the fourth little chicken,  
With a small sigh of grief,  
“I wish I could find  
A little green leaf.”



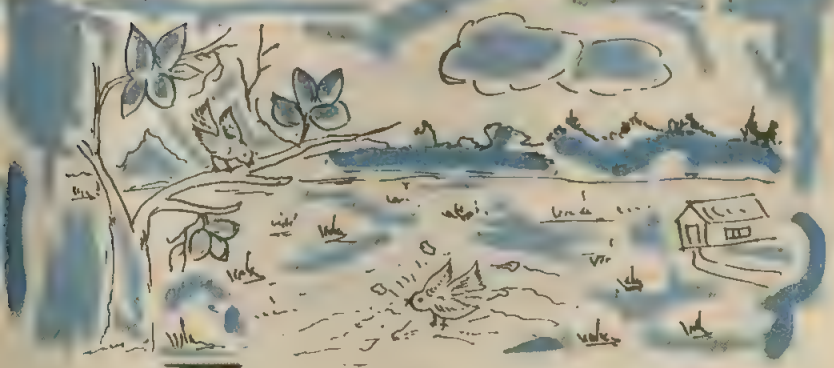
Said the fifth little chicken,  
With a faint little moan,  
"I wish I could find  
A wee gravel stone."  
"Now see here," said the mother,  
From the green garden patch  
"If you want any breakfast  
Just come here and scratch."

## 23 DICKY BIRDS

Two little dicky birds  
Sitting on a twig,  
Both very plump  
And neither very big.  
'Tweet ?' said the first one,  
'Cheep !' said his brother  
Wasn't that a funny way  
To talk to one another ?  
Down flew one bird  
And picked up a crust;



Off went the other  
To a little heap of dust;  
Plunged into a dust bath,  
All puffed out and fat,  
Wouldn't it be very strange  
To have a bath like that ?  
Both little brown birds  
At the set of sun  
Flew into a big tree  
Because the day was done.  
Cuddled in a warm nest,  
Cosy as could be,  
Mustn't it be lovely  
Sleeping in a tree ?





Robin sang sweetly

When the days were bright;  
Thanks, thanks for summer !”

He sang with all his might.

Robin sang sweetly,

In the autumn days,

“There are fruits for every one;

Let all give praise !”

In the cold and wintry weather,

Still we hear his song

“Somebody must sing,” said Robin,

“Or winter will seem long”

When the spring came back again,

He sang, “I told you so !

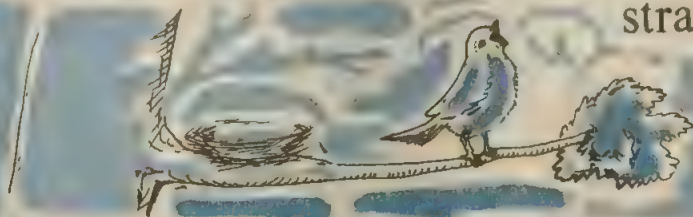
Keep on singing through the winter;

It will always go.”



I first lived in a little house,  
And lived there very well;  
The world to me was small and  
round,  
And made of pale blue shell.

I lived next in a little nest,  
Nor needed any other;  
I thought the world was made of  
straw,



And covered by my mother.

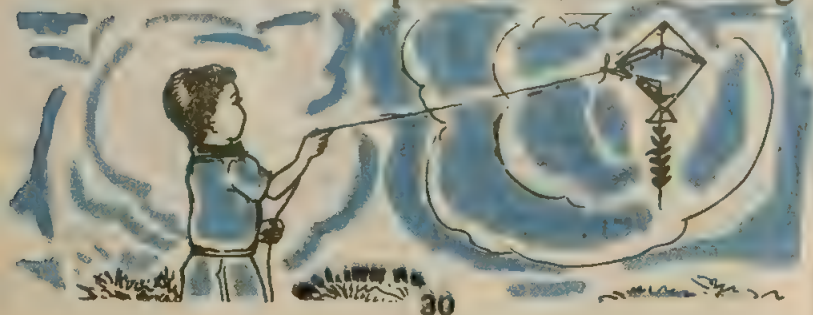


One day I fluttered from the nest,  
To see what I could find;  
I said, "The world is made of leaves;  
I have been very blind."

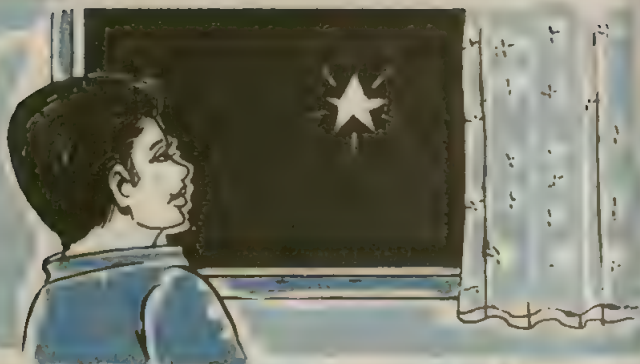
At last I flew beyond the trees,  
And saw the sky so blue;  
Now, how the world is really made,  
I cannot tell-can you ?

## 26 THE KITE

My Kite is three feet broad, and six  
feet long,  
The standard straight, the bender  
tough and strong;  
And to its milk-white breast five  
painted stars belong.



Grand and majestic soars my paper  
kite,  
Through trackless skies it takes its  
lofty flight;  
Nor lark nor eagle flies to such a  
noble height.  
As in the field I stand and hold the  
twine,  
Swift I unwind, to give it length of  
line,  
Yet swifter it ascends, nor will to  
earth incline.  
Like a small speck, so high I see it  
sail,  
I hear its pinions flutter in the gale,  
And, like a flock of wild geese, sweeps  
its flowing tail  
Adelaide O'Keeffe



## 27 THE REASON WHY

When I am in my bed at night,  
Between the blinds I see  
The dearest little twinkling star,  
Who comes to peep at me.

I know he stays there all the night,  
But at the break of day  
I cannot see him anywhere :  
Why does he go away ?

I wonder if the reason's this;  
Perhaps he goes from me  
To peep at other little children ,  
In lands across the sea.

Lucy Diamond

## 28 PRETTY SPRINGTIME



My Mummy says that after dark  
The fairies dance in Regent's Park,  
Each like a tiny star;  
It's round their favourite tree they dance,  
And Mummy, at a single glance,  
Can tell you where they are.  
There's one beside the ducks, and one  
Where Mister Squirrel has such fun,  
And Mummy knew we'd found them,  
Because where fairies dance by night  
The trees are now a lovely sight,  
With crocuses all round them.

## 29 SPRING SONG



Spring is coming, spring is coming,  
Birdies, build your nest;  
Weave together straw and feather,  
Doing each your best.

Spring is coming, spring is coming.  
Flowers are coming too,  
Pansies, lilies, daffodillies  
Now are coming through.

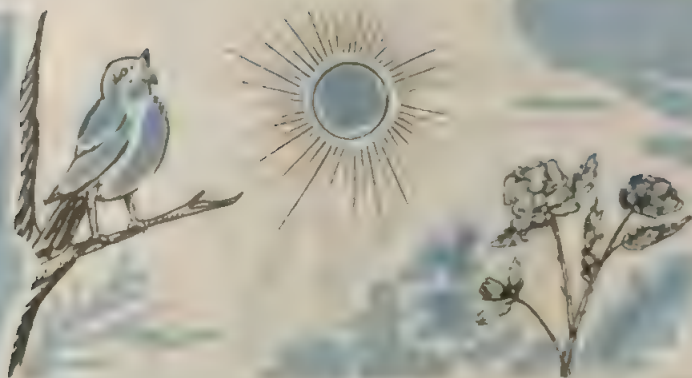
Spring is coming, spring is coming,  
All around is fair.

Shimmer and quiver on the river,  
Joy is everywhere.

William Blake



## 30 A SUMMER SONG



‘Shall I sing ?’ said the lark.

‘Shall I bloom ?’ said the flower,

‘Shall I come ?’ said the sun,

‘Or shall I ?’ said the shower.

Sing your song, pretty bird;

Roses, bloom for an hour;

Shine on, dearest sun;

Go away, naughty shower!

### 31 IF YOU SEE A FAIRY RING

If you see a fairy ring  
In a field of grass,  
Very lightly step around,  
Tiptoe as you pass;

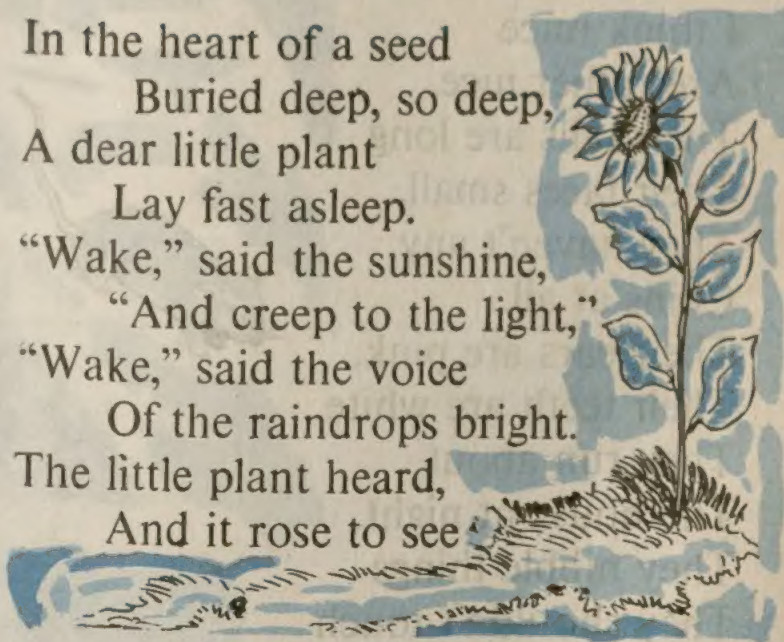


Last night fairies frolicked there,  
And they're sleeping somewhere near.  
If you see a tiny fay  
Lying fast asleep,  
Shut your eyes and run away,  
Do not stay to peep;  
And be sure you never tell,  
Or you'll break a fairy spell.

Anon

## 32 THE LITTLE PLANT

In the heart of a seed  
Buried deep, so deep,  
A dear little plant  
Lay fast asleep.  
“Wake,” said the sunshine,  
“And creep to the light,”  
“Wake,” said the voice  
Of the raindrops bright.  
The little plant heard,  
And it rose to see



What the wonderful  
Outside world might be.

Kate L. Brown

## 33 MICE

I think mice  
Are rather nice.  
Their tails are long  
Their faces small,  
They haven't any  
Chins at all.  
Their ears are pink,  
Their teeth are white,  
They run about  
The house at night.  
They nibble things  
They shouldn't touch  
And no one seems  
To like them much.  
But I think mice  
Are nice.



Rose Fyleman





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